

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, September 23. 1707.

AND did I not please you, Gentlemen, when I told you, *Thou shalt not be easily taken, nor the French easily beaten?* Much less shall I please you now, when I tell you perhaps a little too plainly the Reasons of your Disappointments. I know, this is an Age that cares not to hear plain, coarse and unpleasant Truth; but ye say to your Prophets, *Prophesie to us smooth things.* But really, Gentlemen, I am none of those Prophets, nor will you be troubled with Flatteries and Compliments from me; I fear no Man's Anger, and court no Man's Favour; I desire to speak the Words of Truth and Sobriety, and if they may but serve to open your deluded Eyes, I care not who they offend.

GOD has, in his wonderful Providence, and by a long Series of differing Circum-

stances, exercised this Nation with a violent, a bloody, an expensive, and a ruinous War; the Necessity was apparent, the Cause just and honourable; and tho' with infinite Hazards, Losses, Disasters, Ups and Downs, yet we have seen the proud Arm of our mighty Enemy stay'd, and his haughty Hand humbled to a great Degree, and 'tis not a Year ago since we thought, we saw thorough this Work, and we thought of this War, as the Disciples going to *Emaus* thought of our Saviour, *That it should be he that should have redeemed Israel.*

Now, not to run much into the Divinity of our Case, for I know you will not care to be preach'd to in Print—Our Divines say, GOD never delivers a Nation, but he makes them fit for their Deliverance—Come, Gentlemen, you see, our Deliverance

has

has seem'd to run back upon us this Year, our Victories have been unravell'd, our Conquest ravish'd from us, our Projects blasted, and our Enemies have over-run us, just when we promised ourselves the Bitterness of Death was past, the worst of the War over, and that having the Enemy under Foot, now we had nothing to do but to trample upon him. Shall I now obtain of you to look back with Me into our Conduct, and see if we cannot find some National Reason for all this, and see if we can propose any National Remedy, for things must not remain thus?

First, I must tell you, you were too much puff'd up with the Flux of Successes, and being surpris'd with Joys, which you had not been us'd to, you knew not how to make a modest Use of them—— And this, whether you will take it for Divinity or Policy, has been too much the Cause of our present Discouragement.

I might go upon the just Improvement of this Thought, by telling you how little you have ascrib'd your Successes to Divine Goodness, but have sacrific'd to your Sword and your Bow, and have idoliz'd your Prince *Eugene* and Duke of *Savoy*, as if nothing that Prince *Eugene* undertook, could miscarry! How often have I heard our Politicians promising themselves *Thoulon*, on no other Confidence, than because Prince *Eugene* undertook it— That he would not have undertook any thing that could miscarry; that his Judgment, his Conduct, his Reputation inspir'd the Soldiers, and made one Man as good as three; that his very Name was terrible to the *French*, and they durst not look him in the Face; that he always was too hard for the *French*, and he could not fail—— And in all this, we should not have one Word of the GOD of War, speaking in a Christian Style; not a Syllable of the mighty Arm of invisible Power— Not a Syllable of inscrutable Providence, with whom the Race is not so the Swift, nor the Battle to the Strong.

And now your own Follies have reprov'd you, your presumptuous Dependence upon Agents and Instruments has caus'd you to blush, and you are contounded in the Surprise. The Use of this is short, for I know

you won't like a long one; Look back, ye wise Men, upon your Wisdom, and see, how Heaven has laugh'd you to scorn in your Confidences; how GOD has let you see, that what you gave to a weak Man, was only reserv'd in his Hand, and he has deny'd you that Success, which you deny'd him the Disposal of.

Nor is this true in Divinity only, but in Policy also; and here let us enquire, not who contriv'd the Actions in that Part of the World, but how they were contriv'd; and what shall we say to invading *Naples*, and invading *Provence*, while the naked Parts of the Confederacy on the *Rhine*, in *Catalognia* and *Portugal*, were so left unguarded, that the Enemy has sadly made themselves Amends there, and retriev'd their Honour, encourag'd their Men, recruited their Troops, remounted their Cavalry, and replenish'd their Coffers, and all out of our Spoils.

And all this while we have been flattering our selves with the Hopes of one Enterprize, which had it succeeded, would have indeed finish'd the rest, and made Satisfaction for the rest; but in Policy, the other ought to have been first provided for, and then if the Invasion of *Provence* had been practicable, it might have been rationally attempted.

And all this came from the Pride of Victory. The Battle of *Turin* made you believe, the whole War was in your own Hands; that you might push at any thing, and that nothing was too great to undertake, and no Disparity of Forces too great to fight upon! No Vice is so blind as Pride, it shuts the Eyes of whole Nations, and permits them not to see their own Dangers; it runs them upon innumerable Precipices, and hurries them on to immediate Destruction. —It was meer Pride made you so secure of *Thoulon*, and no Man could be heard, that would but tell you it was possible to be defended—— How, *Thoulon* not be taken! 'Tis impossible! Cry'd the mighty Men of Politicks, and what was the Reason assign'd? — Why, Prince *Eugene* is there, the Great Prince *Eugene*, the Invincible Prince *Eugene*—— He must take it, 'tis impossible to miscarry—— And now what's become of Prince

Eugene?

Eugene ? It is true, he is a great Man, and I have a high Value for him. He is a Great—*A Great what*, a Great MAN; read it again; Gentlemen—A Great MAN! He is but a Man however Great— 'Tis true, he is a Great Man, and if he had not, the Siege of *Thoulon* had not been rais'd as it was; it had not been rais'd so soon, and the Army brought off so well; a rather and less Politick Man than he, would have stay'd till his Army had been ruin'd, and made a broken Retreat of it—But he is but a Man, and now you are made to see, 'tis nat a Man, 'tis not the Reputation of a Name, 'tis not the Wisdom or Policy of one Man could carry such an Attempt as this; and thus your Pride and pufft up Temerity have run you upon Disappointments.

You have now Leisure to revise your Thoughts; expect this War to go on, as it has always done, by Inches, by little and little; and if you will have Patience, and go on hand in hand with Providence, it may at last issue well; but if you will have every Design prosper your own way, if you will fancy Names and Terrors will carry Towns, and that the former Victories will hatch the future, you must expect to be disappointed, and may ruin the whole Confederacy by the Presumption; if you will depend upon the Reputation, or Management, or Conduct of this or that Great Man, GOD will show you, that they are but Men—And to this I must tell you a Story.

The great, the famous, and, *but by King William*, the inimitable *Gustavus Adolphus*, King of Sweden, another Sort of a Hero than what now fills that Throne, passing through *Saxony*, to the fatal Battle of *Lutzen*, and seeing the People thronging to him, as to their Deliverer from the bloody Imperialists, and hearing their Acclamations, particularly some of the Citizens of *Leipsick*—Whole Excesses of Joy carry'd them out to some Extravagances, and whose City was then in the Hands of the Enemy—The King with a deep Sigh, and something of a fore-boding Prophetick Intimation to himself, said to those about him, 'I doubt, I doubt, says he. GOD will punish these Peoples Excesses, by letting them see, I am but

a Man, and that they rob him of his Honour 'in their Deliverance—And the next Day his Prediction was made good upon himself, *some* was killed in the first of the Battle; and yet the Victory was won; so that GOD Almighty shew'd them, their Deliverance was from Him alone, and that he could both give them the Victory they wanted, and yet take away the Instrument they idolized. Apply the Story your selves, Gentlemen, the Reference is plain.

Nor do I at all lessen *Prince Eugene* in this; he has done great things, and has seem'd the most qualify'd General for matching the *Frenob*, that this Age has produced on *that side the World*; but when you come to depend upon Instruments; you see how the Providence of GOD, which governs the World, throws Dirt upon their Glory, and causes the Enemy they triumphed over to trample upon them. And now you are discouraged!

I tell you, your Discouragements proceed from these senseless Dependancies; for those that build upon the Foundation of Personal Confidences, are always the readiest to despair—Because as they did not look into the Reasons and Nature of Circumstances, when they build their rhodomontading, blustering Hopes, so neither do they consult the Reasons and Causes of things in the Disappointments; and this makes them rise and fall all in Extremes, and by Wholesale; 'tis true, not as to Providence only, but as to the rational Conduct of Mankind, add the Management of all the great things in the World.

Apply this to the Case of *Thoulon*. Did these Gentlemen examine the State of things in *Providence* they would find no Reason to be under such melancholy Apprehensions at the Misfortune? Did they see, that Circumstances falling in contrary to Expectation, it was an impracticable thing to carry on the Siege; that no Town in the World in its Circumstances ever was taken.—Then would they look little, and put themselves in Mind, that the Enemy is still inferior, that tho' there may have been some Loss, nothing like what the Enemy seems to make it; yet the Army is whole and entire, will with Ease be recruited, does yet

your face the *French* in the Field, and will not be wanting to seek an Opportunity to revenge the Disgrace supposed to be put upon them.

Let these Considerations be cast into the Balance, and let us compare what they are now, to what they had been, if it had prov'd a long and as a bloody Siege, and we have great Cause to be pleas'd; and thankful, and hopeful in our present Condition.

Now King *Charles* may be assisted, the *Rhine* defended, *Bavaria* kept, and the Imperial Armies employ'd— Had this Siege been carry'd on, and the Confederates been batter'd before it— They had spent their Strength and Treasure here, and the *French* had made Havock in those Places by Way of Diversion.

For Shame, Gentlemen, vouchsafe to concern Providence in these Actions, and remember, he can bring Meat out of this Eater; he can make Good come out of this Evil; he can give you the Equivalent for *Thoulon*, and can give you such Successes otherways, as may cause you to give Thanks; that the Siege was rais'd. Never therefore be discourag'd, we may live to see the raising of this Siege was equal to a Victory, and the Army being maintain'd in its Strength and Vigour, may meet with Opportunities they could not have expected.

Memorandum.

I receiv'd a Letter last Post from a Gentleman, who thinks he has banter'd me in it, intimating, that I having a Familiar, that dictates the *Review*, I should tell him now what Prince *Eugene* and the Duke of *Savoy* will do next—

Another writes to me, equally thinking he has me at an Advantage; that as I talk much of Equivalents on the *French* side, in Case *Thoulon* was taken, I would now tell them, where the Confederates shall get an Equivalent for *Thoulon*, now they have lost it—

These Gentlemen have both this Misfortune, that I had answer'd their Letters before I receiv'd them; but to add a Word or two to them, which perhaps may be prophetic, and which they may think of when they see it fulfill'd; I shall be a little

positive upon them; and since I must be said to deal with the D—l, I shall assure them, 'tis such a D—l as they will not be pleas'd with— Now, let my Inspiration be what is will, my Answers are direct.

1. Sir, Prince *Eugene* and the Duke of *Savoy* will do next, what You nor your Friends will not be pleas'd with, and in a manner you will not rejoice in.
2. This War will not end without many Equivalents for *Thoulon*, and that even on the very same side of the World, where this Scene has been acted.

And of this I am so positive, that I shall very suddenly descend to Particulars, perhaps some such as may surprize you, at least they will when you shall see them executed.

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††† She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand Court, over against great Turnstile in Holborn.